

Moore-ditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfauory smiles, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascallest sweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counsell rated mee the other day in the streete about you sir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well: for Wisedome cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto me *Hall*, God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, If a man should speake truely, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome?

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Iacke*?

*Fals.* Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me villaine, and Bassell me.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purse taking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Enter *Poynes*.

*Poynes.* Now shall we know if Gads hill haue set a match: O, if men were to bee saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Poynes.* Good morrow sweete *Hall*. What sayes *Monsieur Remorse*? What sayes sir *John Sacke* and *Sugar, Iacke*? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule, that thou soldst him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

*Prin.* Sir *John* stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Proverbs: hee will giue the Diuell his due.

*Poynes.*

*Poynes.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had been damn'd for Cosening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at *Gads-hill*, there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I haue bespoken supper to morrow night in *Eastcheape*; we may do it as secure as sleepe: if you will goe, I will stufte your purses full of crownes; if you wil not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

*Fals.* Heare ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chops.

*Fals.* *Hall*, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

*Fals.* Ther's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou canst not of the blood royall, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well, then once in my daies Ile be a madcap.

*Fals.* Why, thats well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

*Fals.* By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, when thou art King.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Poin.* Sir *John*, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him down such reasons for this aduventure, that he shal goe.

*Fals.* Wel, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the cares of profiting, that what thou speakest may moue, & what he heares may be beleued, that the Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shal find me in *Eastcheape*.

*Prin.* Farewel the latter spring, farewell *Alhollown* summer.

*Poy.* Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieaſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone.

*Falſtaffe, Haruey, Rafsill, and Gads-hill*, shal rob those men that we haue already way-laid; your selfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the hooty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*B*

*Prince.*